QUEER RIVER CRAFT.

Miles on a Flat Boat.

THE FOOT-LIGHTS GO WITH THEM.

Each Evening They Tie Up, Fire a Cannon, and Money Pours In.

THE PLOATING TRADER'S BIG SCHEME

COURSESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

INCINNATL August 8 .-When the Floating Trader slipped her moorings at the foot of Ludlow street and went South with the river about four weeks ago she was loaded to the guards with a miscellaneous assortment

hats, boots, shoes, hardware, tinware, crockery, drugs, tobacco and cheap jewelry. When the little steam tug Lark towed her back to the same place this morning most of her store goods were gone and the Trader was covered from stem to stern with a bulky and odorous cargo of bones, rags, old iron, leaf tobacco, honey

of groceries, drygoods,

and seven calves. In the four weeks she had floated 350 miles, had made an average of three landings a day, had sold \$320 worth of general perchandise to the isolated dwellers on the river banks, about half of it for cash and half for produce, which would not the trader another profit of 20 per cent, making the four weeks' journey pay a clear profit of 90

odd dollars.

When the Ohio is choked with ice the trader makes his headquarters in the warmer latitudes on the Mississippi, and with the advent of summer comes north to escape the A FLOATING POPULATION.

He is one of a floating population much larger than even the dwellers in river cities have any conception of. There are at least 5,000 of them. They live in houseboats in the Mississippi Valley, some of them start-ing from the Monongahela in September and slowly going with the current along its and slowly going with the current along its 2,000 mile course to the Gulf, picking up their frugal living by various means en route. They spend the winter in Southern lagoons, which teem with fish oysters and game, and in the spring manage by fair means or otherwise to tie up to some steam boat and be towed into Northern waters. But none has a more adventurous life than Mr. A. B. French, perhaps the best-known riverman in the valley.

"There is more life in six months on a theater boat than in six years on any other craft affoat,"he said as he sat upon the deck of his own boat this morning and watched the swallows skimming along the water. What is a theater boat?

This is one. In its virginal dress of fresh white paint picked out with gold leaf, it was glittering ough from a front view to be the burge a modern Cleopatra; but when seen broadside on, the long gallery of pictures which ornamented its sides made it look like notbing so much as a floating circus bill. There were 26 paintings in all—13 on each side— ten feet high and half as wide, each pictur-



Opening the Show.

wild beast, painted with a fidelity to nature attained only by those artists who paint sideshow placards. A COMPORTABLE CRAFT.

The boat is a bateau, 140 feet long and 40 feet wide, upon which is built a cabin 13 feet high and 125 feet long, the extra 15 feet forming open platforms at each end. Under this one cabin roof are a box office, three sleeping rooms, one dining room containing a table that will accommodate 30 people, one kitchen, one sitting room for the players, a stage 30 feet wide, 15 feet deep, with an elevation of 3 feet, and a full supply of drop scenes and flies, and lastly an studitorium which will seat 300 people, and when standing room is utilized will admit 400 to view the show. Above, on the hurricane deck, there is a texas with a parlor and 12 staterooms, a promenade and a pilot bouse. The whole is decorated in the gingerbread ornamentation characteristic of Western water craft, and makes a brave show with its stained glass windows,

white paint and gorgeous pictures.

The towboat Champion towed it from the South last night and left it nose on to a wharf at the dry docks, where it will lie until an early date in August, at which time the theatrical season on the river will open, and the New Sensation, as the boat s called, will again start down stream,

The troupe consists of from 18 to 24 people, and as scenic accommodations are necclass who want a light diet in the matter of usements, nothing in the Shakespearean line is attempted. The "show" is much such as is given in first-class variety houses in the larger cities—a short play, or perhaps a minstrel scene, as an introduction, followed by an olio of singing, ventriloquism, slack-wire walking, sleight of hand feets, denoing and transport research. ancing and trapeze performances.

OPENING THE SEASON.

As a rule," said Mr. French, the owner "As a rule," said Mr. French, the owner of the boat and manager of the aggregation of theatrical talent, "we make our start early in May from Pittsburg, and work our way down the river—never failing to go up the Kanawha, where the coal minera, with their whole families, will see the show if by any possibility they can raise the money—as far as New Orleans. We avoid the cities and larger villages, tying up wherever we see a footpath leading down to the ever we see a footpath leading down to the water or a spire of a church through the trees. The cities usually have amusements of their own, but the little hamlets scattered slong the banks of the river have no plea ures besides an occasional singing school. Wherever there is a church or footpath ment, and anything in the nature of a novelty coming to one of these places will be advertised by word of mouth through a

radius of ten miles in the course of a day.
"We send out no advance agents and do "We send out no advance agents and do no advertising, merely tying up in the morning and firing the little ten-pounder there on the hurricane deck perhaps half a dozen times. Its boom echoing through the hills will bring, people to us for miles around, and no matter how deserted the country may look, if the weather is at all suitable, night will find 300 or 400 people trooping down the bank, some atoot, some

At first they will be a little awkward and shy, afraid to laugh aloud or applaud a good point; but after being warmed up and good point; but after being warmed up and accustomed to their surroundings somewhat, they are as impressionable and ready to be pleased as so many children. There is not a bit of cyntcism in such an audience. Every chestnut is a new minted joke to them, and every act of our slight-of-hand man is a mirsele.

"But speaking about audiences, the French negroes on the Bayou La Fourche make perhaps the toughest-looking audi-ence ever seen behind footlights. Few of them wear anything more than a shapeless straw hat, a calico shirt and mud-colored trousers; and although none of them are ever known to shave, every man carries a razor. Their hard life on the plantations develop their bones and muscles at the expense of their beauty, making them the strongest and most brutal looking class in America. But their looks belie them. In the 30 years that I have been patroling the rivers, only once have I had serious trouble in the Bayon country, and that occurred last Christmas, in Pointe Coupe Parish at the mouth of the Red river. It was a white man who caused the trouble.

A GOVERNOR'S CHIEF DUTY. "Because I would not admit him free to the show he fired eight shots from his chester through the side planking of the beat, wounding two plantation hands and



Callahan Expresses His Opinion. instantly killing a girl. Three days later the Governor of Louisiana offered a reward of \$500 for his capture. That was seven months ago. The reward is still open. Everybody in the parish knows the man— he is big Jim Callahan—but nobody has brought him into court and claimed the \$500. The offering of rewards after crime has been committed seems to be the South-ern Governor's idea of his whole duty. It looks well, is not very troublesome and never occasions any expense to the State, because the men with rewards upon their

heads don't come to trial.
"In November and December there is always lots of money in the Bayou country. The big planters begin to grind their cane in October, and, as they hire every hand at in October, and, as they hire every hand at
that time who asks for work, and pay wages
in cash, the last two months in the year are
the Southern negro's flush times. But
whether they have money or not, they will
always find some way to pay their entrance
fee to the show. When a negro wants anytning he wants it bad, and if he has no
money he will part with anything he may
have for the privilege of coming in. As a have for the privilege of coming in. As a rule, we take whatever he offers in ex-change for a ticket, and at the end of each trip always have about half a bushel of pocket knives, revolvers and pistols, ranging from the silver-plated seven-shooter to a single barrel iron pistol, and razors in every stage of wear. H. A. W. every stage of wear.

A BEGGAR WHO RIDES.

Woman Soliciting Alms and Carrying Away Wagen-Londs of Provisions. Detroit Free Press.

A poor woman, wretchedly dressed, went into the office of a Woodward avenue business man about dusk yesterday evening and solicited alms. The business man was busy, however, and a little out of humor, and he told her curtly that he had nothing to give. row than in anger, and walked dejectedly out, gloomily silhouetted against the evening sky. The woman drooped her head more in sor-

desk and trying to forget the despairing look of the woman whom he had refused to aid, but his conscience was aroused; texts began to multiply in his mind about giving to the poor and lending to the Lord, and at last he started up and rushed out to the sidewalk in time to see the retreating form of the woman as it vanished round the corner. He hurried on and reached her just as she stepped into a democrat wagon that stood at the curbstone, loaded with every sort of prothe curbstone, loaded with every sort of pro-vision and utensil from a wash boiler to a length ct stove pipe. A little girl who was holding the lines over a very respectable-looking horse asked:

"Are you going home now, mother?"
"Yes, Susy; I've had a fust-rate day. Get The business man sneaked back to his office, unwilling to let anyone know how near he came to being victimized by a pre-

tense of poverty. SWINDLING A BANK.

An Official Tells of a Shrewd Game Which is

Sometimes Worked.

A Bank Teller in Globe-Democrat. 1 It is the rule with most banks to do business with absolute strangers, and to require identifications or at least references. Sometimes when a man wants to open an account he resents very bitterly the demand for an introduction. If he would only consider the matter he would see how very important the rule is. There are many reasons for it, but the chief is to prevent a scheme which has frequently proved suc-

scheme which has frequently proved succeasful.

A member of the gang will open an account and pay in and draw checks in a most
regular manner for several months. Then
one day he will happen to be present when a
stranger presents a large check, the two will
recognize each other as old friends, and the
rogue with an account will identify the
rogue with a check, which may turn out to
be a forgery. With all precautions as to
introduction and identifications, frauds are
possible, but without them frauds would be
simple and easy, and, as a natural result,
frequent.



OFF LONE LABRADOR

Catching Seals on the Shores of the Dreary Mingan Islands.

A WILD AND BANGEROUS PASTIME. Scattered Settlements Along the Southern Labrador Coast.

SCENES ON THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

ON BOARD SCHOONER SOPHIE, July 26. -At Mingan Islands we had the good fortune to find a man and brother in distress. This was a wild and hairy missionary of the Wesleyan Methodist persuasion who had been expatriated from his sunny home in some pleasant English village to pass four years in tireless, and he confessed almost useless, mission work along these wretched "Discarded by the cannibals!" seemed to be written in every line of the oor man's face. He had been waiting at Mingan Harbor more than a month for opportunity of reaching Chateau Bay, at the shoulder of the howling Atlantic coast, and we gave him free passage, not only on general grounds of liberality to the cloth, out in consideration of the added dignity s chaplain would give the schooner Sophie, as well as because he knew much of the Labrador folk and their customs and was not averse to telling what he knew. Altogether he was excellent company, and what he told us of the sealing industry alone proved valuable and entertaining.

He related to begin with, that a children's game called "copy," similar to that of your own children who "follow the leader," a wild and descrease pastime, but heartly

own children who "follow the leader," a wild and dangerous pastime, but heartily encouraged by parents, as at the basis of all success in seal hunting. When the ice begins breaking up in March all Labrador and Newtoundland children hail the arrival of their annual play-spell with jayons delight. "Copying" consists of leaping from one floating slab or pan of ice to another. The most device of leaders we selected and the worth daring of leaders are selected, and the sport is followed with tremendous vigor so long as the floating ice remains. Its utility lies in its educative power. The very expertness and bravery thus engendered are the supreme requisites in youths and men as seal hunters. A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

Only a few years ago seal hunting was carried on in these waters exclusively from schooners, built'of enormous strength, whose home ports were the little villages of the Labrador and Northern Newfoundland coasts and St. John's, Newfoundland. But coasts and St. John's, Newfoundland. But immense sealing steamers finally supplanted these, causing a desperate state of want among the native fishermen. Latterly the steamers have been given up to some extent, those worn out or lost being abandoned, owing to the lessening number of seals; but the success of last year's work, has given a new activity to the industry. The total "take" was nearly 500,000 seals, worth \$800.000. The "take" of the sailing steamer. 000. The "take" of the sailing steamer, Neptune, of St. John's, was alone 42,000 seals. She was leaped to the gunwales, men even resigning their sleeping berths so that the fat could be stowed away. The poo-sealers along shore, who are called "seal-show ers" to distinguish them from the steamer sealers, took fully 300,000 seals. Every man, woman and child who could wield a club, woman and child who could wield a cino, gun, knife, or any other possible weapon, was at work from Mingan Islands in St. Lawrence, around to the White and Notre Dame bays, on the East Newfoundland Dame bays, on the East Newloundland coast, killing, skinning and dragging the seals ashore. Our dejected missionary friend himself captured 45 in one day; a parish priest killed and skinned 70 in one parish priest killed and skinned 70 in one day; and an indomitable widow of the north shore, born in old Galway, who not only fights the wild elements of Labrador but everybody else successfully, unaided, captured, skinned and dragged ashore 175 seals in three days; a little fortune in itself in this region, as her "take" netted her about

The seals are taken in three ways. They woman drooped her head more in sorthan in anger, and walked dejectedly gloomily silhouetted against the even-ky.

e business man went on arranging his and trying to forget the despairing of the woman whom he had refused to but his conscience was aroused; texts in to multiply in his mind about giving to poor and lending to the Lord, and at a poor and lending to the Lord, and at a carreful lookout is kept and when a herd a careful lookout is kept, and when a herd of seals has entered the enclosure, the net is hauled in behind the seals, and boats follow, with men shouting and driving the impounded creatures to the beaches and rocks, or back into the strangling net, when the scene of clubbing and butchery begins

ESQUIMAUX BAY. On the afternoon of the third day after leaving Mingau Harbor we dropped anchor in that great arm of the gulf know as Esquimaux Bay. There are no maps or charts extant to give an interested student of these shores any proper idea of the areas of these occasional tremendous indentations along the Labrador coast. But our captain and chaplain were sure that this inlet was one of the largest of the southern Labrador shore. Grandly wild and impressive as was the scenery of its islands and the shore-side mountains, terrace upon terrace of everlasting stone blended by the magic of distance into fairy peaks of green but showing their hard, sterile remorseless actuality through rifts of sickly moss and stunted spruce on near approach, it was a relief to find morning and a slight suggestion of human association in the occasionally seen fisher's sail upon the mighty gulf again; and we sped gaily along in company with gurgling gulls and roystering porpoises below, making our course toward the exqisitely beautiful Bradore Bay.

Ruminating upon the inconceivable hardships of this Labrador coast and people, I fell into a critical and interrogative mood, in which the Yankee timber explorer, by this time heartily hateful of everything upon which our eyes might rest, was my proud and enthusiastic ally. I asked the missionary how many people could be found in the Lower Canadian portion of Labrador, between its shore limits at Point Neut on the St. Lawrence, and L'Anse Aux Biancs Sablons, near the entrance to the leaving Mingan Harbor we dropped anchor in that great arm of the gulf know as Es-

on the St. Lawrence, and L'Anse Aux Blancs Sablons, near the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle.

"About 4,500;" he replied, thoughtfully.
"And this is a distance of about 600 "Yes, and of these fully 1,060 are Montag nais and Nasquapee Indians. To illustrat how thinly scattered they are I may instance the locality of my work along the straits from Blanc au Blanc eastward. There are from Blanc au Blanc eastward. There are 12 houses there. Three miles further is L'Anse au Clair, with 9 houses; the next, Forteaux, 8 miles, with 17 houses; L'Anse au Loup, 6 miles, 12 houses; Penware River, 3 miles, 12 houses; St. Modiste, 3 miles, 9 houses; Carroll's Cove, 6 miles, 4 houses; Red Bay, 4 miles, 25 houses; Wild Cove, 10 miles, 2 houses; Chateau, 20 miles, 8 houses; Camp Island 12 miles, 8 houses; Cape Charles, 3 miles, 8 houses; Battle Harbor, 3 miles, 25 houses; and the next and last, fox Harbor, 4 miles, with 6 houses; so that in a distance of 85 miles there are, all told, but 157 houses, or barely enough for one village of moderate size."

"But is there no population behind this?"

this?"

"Not a soul between these people and the
North Pole. They could not by any possibility exist."

scenes on the hurricane deck perhaps half a dozen times. Its boom echoing through the hills will bring, people to us for miles around, and no matter how deserted the country may look, if the weather is at all suitable, night will find 300 or 400 people trooping down the bank, some atoot, some on horseback, some in ox carts, as eager for the show as ever a school boy was for a sircus.

ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCES.

And they make magnificent audiences.

SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

We passed the noble Bay of Bradore, with a glimpse of the straggling village of Jones, the bay's innumerable islets separating the roadstead into grand expanses and divisions; saw the place where over 400 years ago stood the French fishing city of Brest, now utterly effaced; gazed with delight upon the mighty terraces behind, crowned far to the north by the mystic cloud-wreathed peaks of Bradore, with a glimpse of the straggling village of Jones, the bay's innumerable islets separating the roadstead into grand expanses and divisions; saw the place where over 400 years ago stood the French fishing city of Brest, now utterly effaced; gazed with decrowned far to the north by the mystic cloud-wreathed peaks of Bradore, with a glimpse of the straggling village of Jones, the bay's innumerable islets separating the roadstead into grand expanses and divisions; saw the place where over 400 years ago stood the French fishing city of Brest, now utterly effaced; gazed with decrowned far to the north by the mystic cloud-wreathed peaks of Bradore, with a glimpse of the straggling village of Jones, the bay's innumerable islets separating the roadstead into grand expanses and divisions; saw the place where over 400 years ago stood the French fishing city of Brest, now utterly effaced; gazed with decrowned far to the north by the mystic place of the straggling village of the roadstead into grand expanses and divisions; saw the pl SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

thread the straits of Belle Isle; while the night brought such glowing stars as seemed to descend and pulse and throb into one's very soul and the great northern lights quirered behind inscrutable films like half-

hidden planets swung ,in the hands of the infinite God.

The olden key to the entire norther fisheries, Chateau Bay, was reached all too soon, for we had come to leel a warm affection for our hairy friend, the simple missionary, who here, before debarking, pointed out with excusable and modest pride some of the many beauties of the wild and splendid scene. Back to the far south in a dark line against the purple horizon were faintly traced the dreary Newfoundland shores. Away to the east like a speck upon Atlantic's breast, was the fierce and lonely seasentinel, Belle Isle. Back along, the gulf benenth millions of white-winged gulls, sped toward us the plumy crests of a million emerald waves.

A PLEASANT PICTURE. Over there to the left is that strange cas-Over there to the left is that strange castle-like basaltic rock, rising in vertical columns of five-sided prisms, with tremendous
detached clusters at its base; almost as curious a geologic specimen as the far-famed
Giant's Causeway. To the right looms High
Beacon, 1,000 feet above the bay. Through
the majestic Temple Pass the steel blue
waters of Temple Bay lead the eye to softly
blended heights beyond, above which are
again the eternal hills of Labrador. Here
and there about the bay cluster the tiny
white houses of the descendants of those and there about the bay cluster the tiny white houses of the descendants of those who once fled from fire and sword at sunny Grand Pre. Between headland and headland are long rows of decrepid fish-stages where picturesque fisher folk toil as if for dear life at all hours in the short summer season. Here and there are sloops, smacks and schooners, coming, going, at anchor, or noisy with the labor of unloading their great though almost valueless stores.

Here lies a princely yacht, there a Government corvette; yonder a great hulk of a

ernment corvette; yonder a great hulk of a trading bark. From time to time the mists trading bark. From time to time the mists come and half hide and half reveal; though over all rests a clear and cloudless sky. One hears close and far through these filmy curtains the sharp tone of the Scot, the grunt of the Norwegian, the hearty voice of the Englishman, the gutteral exclamation of the Nasquapee, the liquid tones of him from Acadia. and, closing one's eyes to measure it all with the finer sight of thought, the curlew's calls from a myriad bird-throats come in Chateau Bay, as if in some magical moment to transport the wanderer from these ever-desolate shores to the quaint old beaches of Brittany, to sunny Azore Cove, or to some dreamful tropic isle of song.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

MIRACLES OF FAITH.

lome of the Strange Notions Entertained by Ancient and Modern People.

Siftings. Any doctor or druggist could prepare a ostrum of such repulsive taste that no human being could be induced to swallow it; but it would be extremely difficult to invent scientific theory or a system of faith so atrocious or so extravagently absurd that not individuals—nay, multitudes—could be persuaded to believe in it and persist in it even unto death.

even unto death.

All Expt, from the delta of the Nile to the Lybam desert, went into ecstacies of joy and thanksgiving whenever a black bull-calf with a single circular white spot on his forehead was born. If the white spot was not circular but also exactly in the center of the forehead, their exultation rose to madness, and Herodotus speaks of an Egyptian farmer who died with grief when a cow which he had sold a few weeks previous became the worshiped mother of such a calt.

The Gymnosophists of ancient India paid divine honors to certain trees, and passed their lives in the woods in a state of absolute nudity, and cup and can with the monkeys, while millions of Hindoos believe that it is wicked to kill any animal, and actually allow themselves to be devoured by tigers and crocodiles if they cannot save themselves by flight, for fear that a blow struck in self-defense might endanger the life of the precious quadruped. They believe that if a man injures these creatures on earth their reproaches and resentment will follow them through all eternity.

Sir William Jones describes the indignation of a Hindoo family who had witnessed their lives in the woods in a state of ab

tion of a Hindoo family who had witnessed the chase of a wild cow by two English officers. A Hindoo girl in the family of Captain L., one of the offenders, never could look at her master without putting her hand to her heart and heaving such bottomless sighs, that Mrs. L. was about to discharge her. But the lady was completely concilthe home is small indeed that has not its garden of well-trained flowers. Even in the girl's concern. "The poor, poor Sahib," said she, "what a future awaits him! As soon as he ever gets to heaven that cow will charge him, and gallop after him and butt him forever and ever!"

THEY DON'T LIKE TOBACCO.

One Thing Which Some Bugs and R. Refuse to Eat. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No matter how numerous 1 roaches may be, they never injure or cigars. Sometimes, when the ors are open and there is a strong lie be tempted inside, but they n they will er tackle tobacco in any form, and even common fly seems to hold the weed it a very healthy awe. There is, of course, he insect which is very destructive to tobacco, and is called the tobacco worm. The is another and smaller insect, which is not described in any work I have real, but which plays have with tobacco. This is so small that few people can detect is with the naked eye. Where it comes from I don't know, but it is generally found in imported cigars, if anywhere. seems to hold the weed i

where.

The little creatures will eat a small hole right through a three-for-a-dollar Havana, and dealers examine their importations very closely before storing them away. English dealers have, it think, a little advantage over Americans in respect to this. Their buyers are more methodical in their examinations, and that is probably why imported eigars can be sold cheaper in London than in New York, although tobacco is dearer, as the most popular is American grown. Turkish and Egyptian eigarettes and tobacco are also dearer in London than here, although they have so many miles less to travel.

A GOOD POCKET FOR CANDY. Why a Small Boy Wished His Father Was

a Kangaree. Little Johany, who had been taken by his father to the zoological garden, was greatly interested in some kangaroos, and especially in one which had a number of young ones

in its ponch.
"Oh, pana," exclaimed Johnny, "I wish
you was a kangaroo!"
"Why, Johnny?" "Cause if you had a pocket like that, what piles of candy you could bring home!"



Their family ties are very close and the utmost respect, attention and affection characterizes their conduct toward each other. If you are a young man and have been invited into a family where there are attractive daughters, you must pay them no compliments and make them no presents. All attentions of this sort are reserved for the mother only. You may not invite them to walk or to ride, only the mother, who, if she accepts, will take her daughters with her. her.

The French girl of the better classes is reared in the utmost seclusion. She has no liberties. She does not leave her mother's side until old enough to commence her education, when she is sent to the convent, where she remains until her graduation.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

Belva A. Lockwood Talks of the Women of La Belle France.

FRENCH GIRLS AND THEIR DOTS. Their Freedom and Social Privileges After Marriage. .

THE FEMALE MERCHANTS OF PARIS

THE MARRIAGE DOT. Her "dot," or marriage portion is carefully settled beforehand with the bridegroom by her parents in a document legally drawn and signed. Every girl, although her par-(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) RENCH women are charming, exclaime a young lad who had spent several years a broad and some time and signed. Every girl, although her par-ents be poor, who expects to be legally mar-ried has her dot assigned. Until married she is under the absolute control of her father, who has power to confine her if in-corrigible or disobedient. In the marriage relation the law requires of her obedience to her husband, and of him protection and sup-port.

Once married, the French woman has her undoubtedly true if you liberty. She is mistress of the house, can go where she likes, with or without an escort; fall in with the charming go where she likes, with or without an escort; chat with the gentlemen, invite them to her home, and enjoy those privileges usually relegated to young women in America. If wealthy, she can give dinners and fetes. Her gaiety never deserts her even under adverse circumstances. I noticed with some interest that nearly all of the women who presented papers at the recent Women's class, but there are French women -even intellectual women-who are loud and rude, but they do not represent the masses. As a rule, the French woman presented papers at the recent Woman's presented papers at the recent Woman's Congress in this city were married women, even in those positions where one would suppose that a single life would be more conductive to success. With the married woman the maiden reserve is thrown off, has more cleverness, tact, grace and politeness, than the English woman, the German, or the American; but she will insist upon her rights with quite as much persistency, and usually wins by the and she enters rationally into the practical duties of life.

Her marriage is arranged by her father and mother, and she cannot marry in France without their consent, as neither Mayor or priest would perform the ceremony. She must be 15 years old to contract a legal marriage.

Her clothes are adapted to her position, Although in the marriage law the hus-band is required to support and protect his wife, the support would seem to come quite as often from the wife as the husband. In her occupation, and the occasion. She does not adapt herself to them. They are a part of her. Her linen is immaculate, often as often from the wife as the husband. In the country everywhere the peasant women are seen working side by side with the men, gathering the grain, turning the hay, carrying heavy burdens, and doing their part with cheerful alacrity. But in the cities in Paris—the woman merchant is a feature of the city. She controls large establishments, while the smaller booths of women are multiplied upon every square. The woman merchant, if so declared, has also some privileges under the law-not relegated to married women as a class. She can enter exquisite. Her hat becomes her face, and is not necessarily a walking advertisement for some milliner. She may

very charm of her manner.



wear a dress that is old and faded, but her

shoes and gloves will be fauitless. The latter she never removes when in society, except under the most urgent necessity. She

will dance or dine in them, apparently with

will dance or dine in them, apparently with-out soiling, as though they, too, were a part of herself. If she adjusts a shawl, a scarf, a knot of ribbons, or a bunch of flowers, it is always with a peculiar grace—a touch like the skillful stroke of a painter upon his canvas, which no person can imitate, and which he himself cannot reproduce.

CHARMING HOMES.

There is something charming in a French

There is something charming in a French home—the perfect symmetry of its arrangement, the utilization of every inch of space, the beauty of its internal adornments, very often the results of the skill of the deft fingers of wife and daughters; but there is nothing tawdry. There is no innate love for the beautiful in the French character that has been cultivated for centuries by daily contact with the best works of the "Old Masters" in set calleries schools of

"Old Masters" in art galleries, schools of art and cathedrals, until the mother in-

She can concoct the daintiest of dishes out of the simplest and cheapest of materials. The

dinner may be served by a waiter in white apron and gloves, while the hostess is chat-

A Vegetable Vender.

ting gaily and unconcernedly with you, but she has designed and prepared the dishes. They are the best economists of any women in the world in both food and dress, and the whole amount spent in a year by the middle and laboring classes, never reaches the limit of their income. There is always something laid by.

CLOSE COMPORATIONS.

But do not imagine that these homes are an open sesame into which any casual acquaintance may enter. On the contrary, they are a very close corporation, devoted to the use of the occupants. If you have won their confidence, their esteem and the acquaintance has been long, you may be invited to breakfast or to dinner. The French people are jealous of the intrusion of strangers, and must know the character of the individual before their confidence is given.

given.

Their family ties are very close and the

In the market she is as busy as the men:

of her separate estate.

to married women as a class. She can enter a process of law without her husband's con-

sent in matters pertaining to her separate business; contract and be contracted with, or dispose of the business without his signa-

ture as though she were a femme scule; while in ordinary married life she has no control either of the community property or

FRENCH BUSINESS WOMEN.

keeps her stall; measures out her vegetables and fruits; or cries her merchandise upon the streets, often pushing a large cart before her filled with vegetables, or the fruits of the season; flowers, it may be, for which she is sure to find a market. The woman mingles so generally in commercial himself. mingles so generally in commercial life in Paris that it would be difficult to say where he is not, or in what enterprise she has not

On July 5, 1889, the Chamber of Deputies, without discussion, adopted the text of the proposition of Mr. Ernest Lefebvre conferring upon women the right to vote in the elections of the members of the Commercial Tribunals. This is a step forward, but has not yet become a law. If an American woman must earn her own

If an American woman must earn her own living she does it coyly, hesitatingly, as it ashamed of her position, rarely entering into it as a permanent business, and always looking around her for a way of escape from what seems to her a dreadful necessity, always preferring poor pay and starvation wages in anything that carries with it an air of gentility, to good pay and a good home in domestic life. Not so the French woman. She at once adapts herself to her condition, takes hold of her work, cheerfully, gladly; pushes her business with the intention of making it a permanent resource; advertises it; is courteous and obliging to her customers, delicate in presenting her bills, and uses all of the arts of trade necessary to success. She is not ashamed or afraid of any labor in connection with her business.

actistic surroundings. 'Paris has long been the center of polite society, and the lesson has not been lost upon her people. In land-scape gardening the Parisians undoubtedly excel any other people in the world, and the home is small indeed that has not its THE BELLES OF FRANCE. The French girl of the upper and middle The French girl of the upper and middle classes, and this is often true of the lower classes, is lithe and symmetrical in form, beautiful in feature and graceful in motion. Nor is her beauty lost when she rounds into mature womenhood, but she does not grow old gracefully, like American women, nor continue to use those arts to make herself attractive that graced her girlhood. Among the upper classes she grows stout and red faced, or lean, wrinkled and haggard, instead of the fresh rosy face that should be a woman's crowning glory until 70 or 75 years. stead of the fresh rosy face that should be a woman's crowning glory until 70 or 75 years. I do not know to what cause to attribute this unless it be that the excessive pleasure-loving and living of the French people, the late dinners and late hours, and especially excessive wine-drinking so apt to grow with years, steals away the beauty of face and form, the elasticity of step, and a freshness that has not exhausted all of the joys of life. In the middle and lower classes, and The beauty of a French home is that usually there is no waste. Everything is atilized. The 8 o'clock breakfast of hard utilized. The 8 o'clock breakfast of hard bread and coffee leaves nothing to spoil. The bits of meat left from the noontide meal will be made into delightful patties for dinner, while the remains of the chicken or the duck, will form the basis of the soup. The French woman does her own marketing; knows to one ounce how much she needs for the day's supply, and what she should pay for it, and it is more than probable that she will prepare the meal with her own hands. She can concoct the daintiest of dishes out of In the middle and lower classes, and especially the latter, the women get in time a permanent bronze from their almost constant out of door life (for all Paris lives

more or less out of doors), and from the con-stant carrying of burdens get permanently hunch-backed, lame and rheumatic, so that a woman of 50 will show the infirmities It is a palpable fact that French women It is a palpable fact that French women of the middle and lower classes have fewer privileges, and are not cared for as well as American women. But I have drawn you a picture of the plain, practical, everyday life of Paris as it is. One might come here, visit the Grand Exposition, drive down the Champs-Elysees, the Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, witness a fete, and believe that all Paris was one grand holiday filled with superbly dressed women and men inmaculate in the snowlest of linen and daintiest of kids. But, of course there are exest of kids. But, of course, there are exceptions to all that I have said. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

Scotchman's Method of Keeping Bis Wife From Laughing. Scottish American.l.

He was a hard-working man, and he wanted to have his wife's portrait taken. While the photographer was arranging his camera the husband sought to give some advice to the companion of his life regarding her pose.

"Noo then, Betty," he said, "be shair and Remember that yet faither is in prison, an' that yer brither has had to compound wi' his creditors, an' jist if try to imagine what wid hae become o' ye I hadna taen pity on ye." If Betty didn't look serious after that i ertainly wasn't his fault.

Stayner (witnessing the preparations)-

She is usually married or affianced at 17 or 18, and, until her marriage, never goes out by herself, or receives the company of gentlemen alone. It she goes to a fete, or to ride, or to walk, it must be with her preceptress or her mother. If she is invited to dinner or to tea at the house of a friend, she would not think of accepting the invitation except her mother goes with her, and, as the mother would not go without the father, an invitation to one is an invitation to the family.

DISCOVERING SAINTS.

Sound Wisdom Shown in Mediæval

Times in Selecting the

CANDIDATES FOR CANONIZATION.

Deeds of Helpfulness the Foundation

Christianity.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF UNITED HELP

There was a good deal of sound wisdom in the old way of discovering saints. That ancient custom of canonization was simply a very dignified and ceremonious way of saying "Here is a good Christian!" And before they said that about any man they first inquired if he had done any miracles. No man could be canonized, and have "Saint" written before his name, unless it could be shown that he had wrought miracles. Now we may have our own opinion of those mediæval miracles. We may believe, if we will, that the miraculous part was only a gilding put on by the devout imagination. But this, at least, is true that underneath the miracle was a plain, homely deed of helpfulness. That was the foundation; that was the reality. And the name miracle was an old way, we will say, of making this homely deed of help emphatic; of writing an admiration mark after it, and of putting a superlative adjective before it. "Here is a man," they said, or meant to say, "who has been eminently helpful. Look! Is he not a good Christian? Is he not the kind of Christian we ought all to be?" And so they called him a saint. That was their way of declaring that a Christian must be helpful.

You may perhaps remember that I was commenting last Sunday in this column upon the man whom our Lord sent home, telling him that if he wanted to be a disciple genuinely he must go at once and will, that the miraculous part was only a

ciple genuinely he must go at once and

HELP SOMEBODY, and that the best place for him to begin his Christian task of belping was in his own village amidst his own neighbors, in his own family at home. "Return to thine own house and show how great things God hath

house and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

I find Christ's silence here, as in many places, worthy of note. The Lord said little about how a Christian should be helpful. He prescribed no method. He measured out no regulations. He told the man to go home and show what God had done for him, but He directed him no further. He left the rest to the man

the rest to the man.

Christ always declined to set down rules for people. Peter came once and asked for a rule about forgiving. His patience had been a good deal tried. He felt that his temper had been strained almost as far as it would stand, and he wanted to know if there was not a Christain ilmit to forgive-ness. "How many times must I forgive my brother?" "Seventy times seven," Christ said. That was the Hebrew way of saying times without number. A lawyer came and asked for a number. A lawyer came and asked for a rule about this very matter of helping. "What people must I help? Who is my neighbor?" Christ made no answer to that question. In the place of it He put another and deeper question. "Who is neighborly?" And that He answered. The Lord came to help man. Not by setting up rules for them. And that He answered. The Lord came to help men. Not by setting up rules for them, but by making different men out of them. He tried to change their lives by changing their hearts. He wanted to fill this man's soul with the spirit of helpfulness, and He was content to let that spirit find expression in the man's life, as the vital spirit of a plant finds expression in branches and fruit.

The great kindnesses bring with them often a feeling of obligation which takes away their charm. They are so great that we forget that they are kind. It is the little things which everyone can do that really help and make life sweet. A pleasant word, a smile of recognition, a little act of courtesy, a book or a flower sent to some-body who is sick or in trouble, a kindly welcome to a stranger, the habit of having a pleasant way of doing things—it is these, these little things, which enter into every hour of every day—these help. I am afraid that some people are like the great guns in certain ports along the Dardanelles, which are all pointed one way. Let a squadron anchor in that particular direction and then those guns may be good for something. But all the rest of the time they keep black silence. Whoever has this helpful spirit is helpful all around.

I notice that the Lord told this man to go home. "Return." He said, "to thine own house." The first step toward helpfulness is to

UNDERTAKE THE NEAREST DUTY. Probably there is no place where it is harder to be helpful than just the place in which the Lord set this man—in one's own which the Lord set this man—in one s own house. Your own home tests your helpfulness. This is a good thing to think about—this word "Return to thine own house."

I observe further that the Lord told this

This word "Return to thine own house." I observe further that the Lord told this man that his message to his fellow men was to be found in his own experience. The only word of one which helps is the word which comes out of our own heart and life. St. Paul was thankful for the sorrow that had embittered his life—he thanked God for it—because it made him helpful. When he spoke to a man in pain or trouble, or distress of mind, or grief for sin, he helped that man—because the man realized that here spoke one who knew what he was talking about. The Lord didn't tell this man to go teach theology, explain the scriptures, preach the gospel. He sept him to tell men who wanted a friend how he had found a friend My brother, that is what your long sickness, or your bitter plaint, or your agony of doubt, or your grievous fall into sin was for—here is part of the meaning of it, at least. It was meant to make you helpful. No, we will not say that. God does not meaningly send pain into the life of any child of His—does not send the pain even for such a high purpose. But somehow in this disordered and sinful state of things in which we live that pain did come. It did put into your life ANEW POSSIBILITY

A NEW POSSIBILITY
of being helpful. And the Lord wants you to go now and use this new strength for the strengthening of your brethren. I notice that the Lord sent this man to

strengthening of your brethren.

I notice that the Lord sent this man to work alone. He wants us to be willing to do that. The first test of helpfulness is willingness to help the unhelpful. The second test is willingness to help when you are the only helpful one. The effectiveness of help, however, depends largely upon united work. There is to-day such need of help, our brothers on all sides are crying out so eagerly and pitifully for help, that we must work together. We want everybody to add what strength they have that we may multiply our helpfulness. I read how a great mass of Egyptian stone was moved over miles of sand by the tugging of an army of men working all together. Suppose one man had gone by himself and given one strong pull, and then another and another until the whole army had, man by man, exerted all its energy, how far would the pedestal have stirred? That is a symbol of what united help can do.

I remark also that this man had to be sent to help. I have been speaking of the duty of helpfulness. That is what it was to this manaduty. He had to be sent to do it. We need more realization of the privilege of ministering. Thank God that we can help! Thank God that there is something which we can do for Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

GEORGE HODGES.

A 15-Year-Old Hattlesnake.

alteburg Pressil

Mr. John Harkless, of Crete, paid the Press office a visit on Friday last to renew his subscription for the paper. Mr. H. had with him a 15-year-old rattlesnake with 12 rattles, that was shipped to him from Virginia. We admired his anake ship—at a distance—and our foreman climbed to the top of the press and remained there until the make was shipped off on the train. NOISE AS MEDICINE.

Ringing a Bell Not a Good Way to Cure a Man of Deafness. Cincinnati Times-Star.] A novel cure for deafness was proposed by a Bellefontaine (O.) physician some years ago. One of his patients became so deaf that only the loudest sounds could be

heard by him, and after employing every scheme known to the medical world, or at least to the physician himself, to restore his patient's hearing, the doctor hit upon a plan that had at least the quality of originality.

"Um," mused the doctor, "let me see. You can hear thunder sometimes, but that don't come often enough. Railroad trains?—but no, they don't come to this town very frequently, either. What you want is several hours' practice daily. Ah! I have it! Get a permit from the proper authorities to ring the bell in the court house. Go up in the belfry right by the side of the bell and ring it for several hours daily." And the physician rapidly wrote out his instructions to the patient.

And the latter actually carried them out. Every morning he would ascend to the top of the Court House tower and ring the big bell for hour after hour. The ringer could scheme known to the medical world, or at

bell for hour after hour. The ringer could barely hear the sound of the great clapper as it struck the hard metal, but all the inhabitants of Bellefontaine and the sursounding country did and throngs of people visited the town on the first day of the experiment to ascertain whether fire or war periment to ascertain whether fire or war was causing the unusual racket up in the old Court House tower. When the truth was learned the citizens were disposed to kick, but on the solemn assurance of the physician that a deaf man was being restored to hearing they agreed to suffer in

silence (?).

The effect upon a stranger visiting the town was comical. At first he would naturally suppose that the bell was tolling for a death, but after two or three hundred taps death, but after two or three hundred taps had sounded he would arrive at the conclu-sion either that there was a plague in Belle-fontaine or that some other cause produced the sound waves that vibrated through the the sound waves that vibrated through the air to his ears from the old tower. And when the truth was told him, how he would laugh! Indeed there was so much laughter about the matter, and the papers in the vicinity made so much fun of the matter, that the citizens at last insisted on the physician changing his mode of treatment for the deaf man, especially as the latter, instead of benefiting by the practice on his auditory nerves, had grown so deaf that even the noise of the monster bell produced no sensation in his auditory are produced no sensation in his auditory ap-paratus.

THE DEVIL'S BELLOWS.

Lu Ancient Writer Makes Some Uncompile mentary Remarks About Mirrors.

Stubb's "Anatomie of Abuses," 1555. I The Lookyng-Glasse,-The devill never could have found out a more pestilent evill than this, for hereby man beholding his face, and being naturally given to flatter hymself too muche, is easily drawn to thinke well of hymself; yet no man seeth the true portion of his face, but a counterfaite effigie, and false image thereof in the glasse, whiche the devill suffereth him to see, that thereby he maie rise into pride, and so of-fende the Divine Majestie. Therefore maie these lookyng-glasses be called the devill's bellowes, wherewith he bloweth the blast of pride into our hartes.



TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE. This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking mb off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACMEBIACKING

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